THE

MINOR

MYSTERIES

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

LOT THE FIRST.

1982. Minor.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MONTREAL SHAKSPERE CLUB.

GENTLEMEN,

"*It can't be done!*" is a very common expression, and is applied, almost indiscriminately, to every undertaking which promises either emolument to the projector or benefit to Society at large.

The debates of the English House of Commons furnish us with evidence of many schemes having been treated as visionary which have more than fulfilled the advantages set forth in their prospectuses; I allude particularly to the acceleration of the Mail, the application of Steam Apparatus as a motive power, and the discovery of Gas-light; each

of these was, in its turn, treated as a thing which *could not be done*, laughed at in the Senate, and lampooned in the shop windows.

In the country of our adoption we find that, although Canada is singularly blessed by the ample provisions of nature, it still wants something to improve the social condition of its inhabitants, who appear to force their passage through life, almost entirely by the *vis inertiæ*, and treat all matters of a bold or speculative nature with the same apathy which our forefathers did in England eighty years ago. It was for many years a settled opinion that it would be impossible to stem the current of the St. Lawrence with the power of steam—*it could not be done!* In the year 1848, we wonder how our predecessors managed without it.

Thanks to the exertions of your own and several other literary and scientific Institutions, established and supported by public spirited individuals, Canada is at length emerging from the gloom in which she has so long been shrouded, and it is now no

longer a matter of mirth amongst travellers to make comparisons between this country and the United States. Every observer can witness that the march of science is making rapid strides, and that, wherever the peculiarities of climate will allow, the improvements elsewhere made, in every description of the Fine Arts, are adopted. So far this is commendable, particularly when we reflect that Europe is, at the present moment, convulsed by wars and rumours of wars, and we know not how soon our protecting power there may be compelled to take part in the general fray, and, consequently, in some measure throw her Colonies upon their own resources. On the occurrence of such an undesirable event, the Canadians will then reap the advantage of your present meritorious labours.

With regard to literature, I have often been told that it would be impossible to establish such a work as the present with any probability of success ; friends were consulted—"*It could not be done:* Printers were requested to name their terms—"*We have*

been done so often, we wish to take care of ourselves." At length, by perseverance, *It is done!!!* whether its success will repay me for my labour is still a mooted question.

The preliminaries being arranged, it was necessary for me to dedicate so great a little trifle to somebody ; I made personal application to some gentlemen, whose countenance I considered would be propitious to my undertaking ; they, each of them, declined the compliment from motives of modesty. What was to be done?—How could I get a Patron? This perplexed me :—I had some thought of advertising for one ;—a friend advised me to omit the ceremony,—another suggested the Public at large, and a third advised me to apply to some Literary Institution. I adopted his advice, and after thinking well, whether Her Majesty's Post Office would not be the most likely establishment to afford protection to Literature and Men of Letters, I concluded to apply to you.

Your kindness has allowed me to dedicate this series of little books to your Society,

and I launch the bantlings into the stream of fate, convinced that, protected by your auspices, they must succeed.

That you may approve of their style—that their faults may pass undetected—and that a large sale may induce others to follow in my steps, is the earnest wish of,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient servant,

JOHN GAISFORD.

THEATRE ROYAL,
Montreal, 31*st May*, 1848.

INTRODUCTION.

AN ESSAY ON MAN has already been written by a much more talented author than myself, and if I mistake not, something or other has also been published under the title of "The Miseries of Human Life." The object of the present work is to pick up whatever little unconsidered trifles may fall in my way, and treat them as "*Minor Miseries.*"

Whilst I crack a joke, or take a liberty with the victim of fashionable folly, I shall carefully exclude all matters which may harrow the feelings of the distressed; pointing each Essay with a moral, or adorning it with a tale, I shall endeavour to illustrate, partly by adventures of my own, and partly by well known traditions, the folly of being annoyed by little accidents.

At times, perhaps, I may become sentimental,—it will only be when I cannot help it;

that will not be very often, for I am, personally, one of those happy beings who can be pleased at hearing an undertaker crack a joke whilst he screws on the lid of a coffin; even were I the deceased, in this *case*, I think I should smile, and the probability is that smile would turn into a laugh which would once more restore me to the world, and save my creditors the expense of crape.

My present intention is to publish a volume of these Essays once a month for such a time as the spirit moves, and the public supports me. Though they may be cried down by the undertakers, doctors and others, who live upon the misfortunes of mankind, I have no doubt that I shall find firm supporters in the Life Assurance Offices.

The editions will be limited in extent, so that an early application, to myself or my agents, will be absolutely necessary to prevent my patrons from being disappointed.

THEATRE ROYAL,
31st May, 1848.

HATS.

In arranging the system which I intend to adopt with regard to the Minor Miseries of Human Life, it is my intention first to glance at mankind and their garments, commencing with the top, and ending with the toe of their system, making a few cursory remarks upon such portion of their dress as I consider fit for my purpose, and then proceed to examine their various daily occupations.

An old song commenced,

* * * * * *

* * * an elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was his wig,
On the top of his wig was his hat;

clearly proving that, in any weather which would justify an infirm gentleman in swinging about on the top of a gate for the sake

of recreation, the hat was recognized as his extremity.

'Tis true that when the barometer stood at "Stormy," the umbrella (a most undeniable misery) might claim precedence of the beaver; but as it is only an occasional adjunct, I am not justified in mentioning it here further than that a parasol stands in the same relation to an umbrella, as the feminine, bonnet, does to the masculine noun substantive, hat.

Hats there are, of every variety;—old hats, new hats, beaver hats, straw hats, dogskin hats, and oilskin (or shiny) hats—of all colors, black hats, brown hats, white hats, and I must not forget the white hats with green brims which died in their infancy—of all shapes, shovel hats for clergymen, and fantails for dustmen, broad brims for quakers and stage coachmen, and narrow brims for those who admire them, cocked hats for the navy, field officers, and footmen, and opera hats for those who make one article serve as a protection for the head and a cushion to sit upon;

bran-new hats for shop boys and gents, middle-aged hats for gentlemen, and shocking bad hats for those who can't afford better ones.

The bonnet portion of the family is almost as numerous as their brethren, and I will pass them with stating that I have some strong suspicion that the bonnets of gambling tables at races and fairs, are not of the feminine gender.

The hat family is intimately connected with another one, the caps, male and female, which are quite as numerous as their cousins, and have members in almost every position in life. The child in his cradle, the nurse that rocks, and the mother that watches it, the maiden aunt that snores in her bed, the housemaid and her lover, the baker, the cook, the stableboy, the young gentleman, whether at school or college, in the army or the navy, nay, even the judge upon the bench, and the criminal on the gallows, all wear their respective caps,—there they are; lace caps, cotton caps, cloth caps, beaver caps, and oilskin caps, shooting caps, (including percussion,)

smoking caps, jockey caps, travelling caps, and caps to acts of parliament—of all colors, black, white, red, blue, and party or many colored, bearing in mind that parliamentary caps are not often read.

The wearers of hats on windy days, are subject to a great many dangers and annoyances,—chimney pots gain such velocity in their descent, that I doubt whether any hat is stout enough to prevent the proprietor from receiving much injury from an accidental collision with one of them; the same remark is applicable to the avalanches of frozen snow, which sometimes make their descent from the house tops of Montreal, and other places.

Many people make their hats the receptacles for various small articles, such as handkerchiefs, gloves, newspapers, letters, bills, or accounts against folks they expect to meet with. If your hat is carried away in a gale of wind, although you may recover it in a damaged or dirty condition, I will not undertake to insure the return of any items it

might have contained when it first commenced its flight.

Anecdote, (Personal and True.)—Some years ago, I rode on the after part of a stage-coach, from Gloucester to Salem, both in the State of Massachusetts, and while passing the long bridge, in the vicinity of the latter place, a sudden puff of wind carried my beaver far beyond my reach into the water; at the last glimpse I could catch, it was bidding fair to wrest from the Cunard Steamers some of those laurels which they had gained for safe and expeditious passages across the Atlantic; but as Lloyd's books are silent upon the subject, I cannot even hope that it ever reached Liverpool; the hat was gone and I was bare-headed; with the bare (or bear) faced impudence, which I can assume at pleasure, I was determined to have my little joke upon the occasion, particularly as I was a stranger in the place; for the remainder of the journey I assumed a dignified, statesmanlike appearance, and bowed continually, courteously and gracefully to everybody we met or passed. The

Presidental election was coming off in about two years, and every free and independent Yankee was considering on whom he should bestow his vote in the approaching struggle. The Salemites stuck to Clay like bricks, and who does the reader think they mistook me for?—Henry Clay's grandson! I assure you I felt flattered, but was very glad to find myself once more in the streets of Boston.

Another (Illustrating a Yankee Phrase.)—Whilst prompter to the Charleston Theatre, in South Carolina, it was my duty to perform the part of the 2nd Grave-digger to Mr. Forrest's Hamlet; the veteran digger was personated by an actor who never could raise a laugh, and I thought it my business to entertain the folks in front as well as I could; every word that Shakspere put into my mouth was spoken properly, but I made a little introduction of my own, previous to starting for Yaughan; with an impudence which astonished me afterwards, I insisted upon the first grave-digger's taking my cap, as a prize for the excellent conundrum he had just

propounded, and left him on the stage without an alternative; the audience hissed, long and loudly, and I almost concluded to forfeit myself a week's salary for this unpardonable introduction.

Talking of hissing, I am used to it, and rather like being the object; it convinces me that the audience pay some attention, and are not quite indifferent, to my style of acting; this brings to my recollection another

Anecdote of a Goose.—The Charleston Manager did a very clever thing when he made up his mind that his Prompter's name should be in the small bills almost every evening, for, on those occasions, one young gentleman invariably visited the boxes, that he might vent his spleen against me personally; I could never appear upon that stage but a solitary hiss greeted my entrance from the wing, and upon one occasion, when I performed a small part in Metamora, Mr. Forrest's business was to level his rifle alternately at another actor and myself, saying "Which of you are prepared to die?" my

friend in the boxes could not resist the opportunity, and instantly exclaimed:—"Shoot him, damn him!" I am thankful to the tragedian for not taking his horrible advice, but am ignorant to this day who my enemy was, or what were his motives. I never could recognize him away from the theatre, and am conscious that, as a citizen, I never gave anybody in Charleston cause of complaint.

I am now in the humour for telling stories, and will here mention another true one, which has some reference to caps, and would astonish and delight

Shakspere.—Anybody who has read "King Lear" throughout, must be intimate with the character of Edgar and his feigned insanity. It happened some four years ago, whilst I was living, principally upon philosophy, in New York, that Macready played the mad monarch at the Park Theatre; and I was giving some insight into the play to a brother professional; we strolled through Broadway very slowly, and just as we arrived at

the gate of the battery, where a great hulk of a fellow watched and disposed of a stock of apples, I was particularly energetic in my quotation of some of Edgar's mad speeches.

"Pillicock sat upon Pillicock's Hill,"
"Pilli—loo—loo—loo.
"Tom's a cold"—"Poor Tom," &c.
"Shall I throw my cap at him, Sir?"

This was too much for the huckster; he burst out "What's the matter with you, are you crazy?" I repeat it, William Shakspere would have been delighted to have witnessed the operation of his fictitious works upon this child of nature.

I must not cheat my heir-at-law out of the profits he is sure to derive from the sale of "Anecdotes of my Life," by here inserting any more of them; but I will draw out for the benefit of *gentlemen in diffs*, the following

Recipe.—When you are particularly hard up, and morally certain that there is no other way of escaping from the snares of John

Doe and Richard Roe, write your name and address, in the very best hat you can appropriate for the purpose, and seek some sequestered, yet much frequented, piece of water; there place the hat, with any other trifling articles which you think may serve as collateral evidence, close to its brink in a conspicuous place, and the chances are, that before long it will be discovered, and the water properly dragged for your body, which will not be found at the time that the penny-a-liners make their last reports.

N. B.—This recipe will also answer better than suing in the Consistory Court for divorces from refractory wives, and may be turned to account by young gentlemen on the banks of the Cam or the Isis, as a means by which they can make the governor fork over to a comrade a sufficient sum for funeral expenses, on an economical scale, provided they are prepared to pass through the ordeal which must occur on their resuscitation.

To return to the subject. Hats are manufactured with the assistance of wooden blocks, which will account for the term, blockhead, as applied to those stupid individuals, the pimples above whose shoulders are only useful as places for hats.

Hats are sometimes poetically termed tiles, tops, roofs, thatches, castors, beavers and golgothas, and in addition to the ditty at the commencement of this article have become the subject of some others, amongst them, one which was formerly very popular—its burthen was, "All round my hat," and no doubt owes its origin to the common practice of wearing crape round the hat, as a token of mourning for persons deceased, although that ceremony is sometimes used to conceal, rather than express, the misfortunes of the hat itself, when it has received an ugly dent or incision in its side, and its owner, like a true friend, refuses to abandon it, but binds up its wounds as he would any upon his own person.

Be sure that you take off your hat, whenever you enter a house, even if you are the owner of the mansion,—although keeping covered under these circumstance betokens independence and proprietorship, if you neglect to perform this little ceremony at home, you may, some day, commit the same error abroad.

BUTTONS.

THESE may well be ranked among the Minor Miseries of Human Life. Buttons are the marks by which we distinguish that era in the life of man, when he is first breeched, and requires the assistance of a nursemaid to fasten his unmentionables. All who have been educated at Eton, Harrow, and other flogging academies, will understand what is meant by unbuttoning, and as they advance in life, take no little pride in their respective buttons of the army and navy; these professions rejoice in their patterns, in common with policemen, postmen, and flunkies.

The word button is sometimes used as a verb; for instance, "button your lip" means the same as "hold your tongue."

Not only the possessor, but also he who is deficient of these useful little articles, suffers

on their account, and the man who is not able to sew on his own buttons, is very much to he pitied, particularly if he is a bachelor,—the inconveniencies of his ignorance increase with his age, till at last the dashing youth of nineteen or twenty, who commences his button adventures by tearing one from his wrist every morning, that he may enjoy the sensation created by the tickling he receives from the pretty little fingers of his landlady's niece, as they restore the article to its place on his arm, finds that he is not worth a button, and that he can't find anybody to give him one with a good grace.

I am one of those who may be termed the supporters of that system in which originated the "*Song of the Shirt*," invariably purchasing the ready-made article, without any attention to the fit or fashion, which I consider perfectly immaterial, as only a sample of the shirt is visible, unless you take your coat off,—this operation is considered very effective, as a prelude to a street fight, especially if performed with nonchalance.

I did once, but I never will again, allow some amateur shirt makers to spoil a set for me. The purchase of a piece of Irish linen was the first operation, and after a delay of three months, during which I wondered when the young ladies would think proper to measure me, home came seven shirts, and an invitation to tea;—this was a cruel stroke, for I detest tea parties, and of course I pleaded indisposition; then, putting one of the garments into my hat, I placed a hundred miles between me and the possibility of further enquiries. Great was my disappointment, and loud were my curses the next morning, when I discovered that my ingenious young friends had sewn the buttons, and made their holes, on the same sides invariably, throughout; I never was in a worse pickle,—one clean shirt (unwearable,) and one on (dirty,) comprised the strength of the detachment of wardrobe, which was 104 miles from the main force; the mail did not start till eight in the evening, and even if I had possessed sufficient money, it was impossible to purchase

a flesh bag where I then was;—there were no gentlemen sojourning at the hotel, and the chambermaid was so outrageously ugly, that I had never yet (though a frequent visitor,) mustered courage enough to speak to her;—there was no remedy for it, and I consulted this "*Angel of the Attic*," who, very good naturedly, lent me one which she described as left in one of the rooms *unbeknown* to master,—and on this occasion my difficulties were at an end.

Poverty, who, vulgar phrase says, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, has often served me a harsher trick than that, by denying me even the moiety of a bed, and, amongst other arts and sciences, she has taught me the knack of sewing on my own buttons;—I had considerable practice in this at one time, when my two shirts had only one button between them, which did duty continually, and was never sent to the wash. I am now a proficient in the art, and will conclude with a request to my fair readers, that they will refrain from the vulgar exclamation of, "*Dash your buttons!*"

COATS.

PURSUING the plan I proposed at the commencement, I have touched the hat, fumbled with the buttons, and, leaving alone the numerous miseries which are inseparable from the cravats, collars, shirts and dickies, I immediately take into consideration, the *coat*, which article of dress, (I am sorry at being obliged to make the remark) is of more importance than address now-a-days.

Under this head, I shall make a slight diversion on the subject of great coats, waistcoats, coats of mail, coats of arms and coats of paint;—decency forbids that I should make any remarks upon petticoats.

Coats are known by a great variety of names, such as Benjamin's,* D'Orsay, Moses-

* When will Messrs. Benjamin, Brothers & Co., send one of their young men with a pattern book and measure, to reward me for this puff direct, in favour of their establishment in Notre Dame Street.

es, Mackintoshes, Taglionies, &c. &c., and are subdivided into frock coats and tail coats; single-breasted coats and double-breasted coats; ditto, ditto, great coats; ditto, ditto, waistcoats.

The reader must bear in mind, that nothing is so detrimental to the well doing of one coat as the covering it with another; for instance, if you wear a great coat over a dress coat, the latter will not be improved, whilst a coat of paint will injure the garment still more, without giving its wearer any additional warmth.

Who, that has ever worn a jacket, can deny the fact that, the first time he assumed the coat, (either frock or tail), he grew considerably in his own importance, particularly if the installation was delayed, as it sometimes happens, till he had attained a respectable height,—which point may be argued; for I know several very little men, who are very worthy fellows, although there is no probability of their ever wearing the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue,) and for their

consolation, I will mention Napoleon Buonaparte as a *case* in point, of a little man making a great deal of noise in the world, and quote the old proverb that "The best goods are generally packed into the smallest parcels." All the Tom Thumbs are here expected to return thanks, and purchase at least two copies apiece of this work.

I have a coat, now beside me, which if it could speak, would tell tales that would astonish some of my readers;—'twas bought in Baltimore some three years ago, under circumstances which, although peculiar, will not interest the public in general;—enough for them, if I say that it was paid for,—that alone stamps it as respectable. But few coats have seen more of the world than the old brown garment I am now describing, which remains, and is likely to continue in my possession for some time, for I have determined to make a present of it to the first man I meet, who is worse off in the world than I am myself; that coat has travelled too, and identified itself with a good many . my own adven-

tures; it has often served as bed-clothing, sometimes as a portmanteau, sometimes as a pantry, and, although it has never been thrown up the spout itself, it has more than once screened other garments from idle curiosity whilst entering those mysterious little side doors which admit the public into the presence of their "Uncles."

"*Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!*" look at him; 'tis really worth the while of any man, no matter how rich he is, to take a peep at the inside of a pawnbroker's shop. They are peculiar places, and I will here describe an average sample; first let me beg of you to put a bold face upon the matter; look up the street, then look down the street, then pull up suddenly at his window, caught by a desire to possess one amongst the many items, useful and ornamental, with which it is stocked; if you cannot observe an acquaintance, get into the side door, which opens readily, and choose one of the row of little cells which you are sure to discover; you need not be alarmed, honest people go in there very

often, and I never heard of any body being personally hurt there. You will soon be waited upon by an individual whose countenance betokens anything but benevolence; do not be dismayed; this is the man who is ready and willing to lend you money to any amount, provided you deposit with him three times the value, by way of security. If the partitions between yours and the neighbouring cells were made of glass instead of wood, you could then see a sight which would astonish you; whilst you are submitting some bauble to the inspection of your relation, on your right is a woman taking from her finger the ring with which her husband married her, that she may raise enough upon it to fill the bottle which is in her pocket, with liquor to make merry with on this the twentieth anniversary of their wedding day;— again on the left you would perhaps notice an affectionate husband parting with his watch or waistcoat, that he may procure medicine for his sick wife. The woman on the right is used to the business, and having

pledged the ring oftentimes before, soon comes to terms, whilst the man on the left who, like yourself, visits the establishment for the first time, hesitates, and thinks that he ought to receive a great deal more than is offered him.

Do not blush as you come out, and you will agree with me, that the visit to the pawnbroker's has taught you a lesson.

Perhaps I have no right to make this diversion from the subject; I apologize, and point out at once, the miseries connected with coats, which are:—The delay you experience before you first receive them from the tailor, and the well known nuisance of wearing them for the second time; if the reader should wonder why I do not mention the first, my reason is, that the specimen of his art frequently makes its debût on the back of the Schneider's assistant. When I think upon the bar-room practice of treating the company on the strength of a new coat, I cannot but reflect how different it is to that of our boyish days, when we generally found

half a crown in each of the pockets of a new jacket,—conscience money from the tailor, no doubt!

If you are a poor man, long before the coat is worn out the tailor requires its value; if you are reputed rich, he is willing to wait much longer for his money, in order that you may have an opportunity of ascertaining that he has not cheated you. If the value of a coat is of much consequence to you, the chances are ten to one that it meets with some untoward accident the very first day you wear it,—do not mind that, be assured that nothing looks so respectable as a coat a little damaged; in fact it is not everybody who can afford to wear them in that state,—but you must not take, as authority for going out at elbows, that which is only intended to justify the appearance of shabby genteel. Nothing looks so slovenly as a tear unmended—nothing so much betokens neatness and economy, as the same fine-drawn. A landlord is very affable when you pass the rent from your pocket to his; but he is not so agreeable

when you plead poverty, and walk away with the rent under your arm. I do not think that any tailor would be justified in measuring for a new coat, a stranger who might apply to him for credit, whilst wearing a tattered one,—it not only implies poverty, but poverty aggravated.

Moreover, keep your coat, whether old or new, carefully brushed,—this will help you along more than you are aware of.

With regard to coats of arms, I am not aware that they are so called from any extra number of limbs possessed by their bearers; it is more than probable, that these honours, which can be traced to the days of chivalry, were first intended as rewards for the skilful manner in which our ancestors handled their weapons.

The coats of mail, of the some period, must not be confounded with the scarlet articles which are delivered at the English Post Offices, on the Queen's birthday,—they were made entirely of metal, which circumstance

will account for the phrase, "as bold as brass," or as bold as a man in brass armour.

A coat of paint, when put upon a door or garden fence, is a great protection against the weather; and many ladies and gentlemen know the value of paint upon a time-worn countenance; this application not only makes the old appear juvenile, but young actors adopt the same plan when they wish to personate old men.

With regard to the waistcoat, many young men who have well made shirts, and embroidered suspenders, consider this garment a superfluity during the dog days,—we will do so on this occasion, and finish the chapter.

PANTALOONS.

...on settle this matter; some have such very refined ideas, that they will not even allude to this garment; others again, less sensitive, call them unmentionables; I take them boldly in hand, without any fear of disgusting my readers by stating openly, that they are sometimes called trousers, and that they are in some measure related to breeches.

I repeat the word, *breeches!* What harm is there in mentioning them? To be sure the natives of the Highlands of Scotland are so very refined that they not only object to whispering the word, but positively refuse to wear any article so denominated. Of course there is harm in committing a breach of the peace, a breach of confidence, or a breach of promise, whether to pay or to marry; frequently, if a boarder is unable to meet his

promise of paying his landlady, he settles the matter by marrying either her or her daughter; we all know what the consequences of a breach of promise of marriage are; some harm may occur to an enemy when a British army makes a breach in his walls, but, as two negatives are always considered as an affirmative, there is no harm in a pair of breeches, seeing that they are clearly intended for the legs.

Breeches are very little worn now, except by British farmers, postboys, huntsmen, dragoons, courtiers, dancing masters, frequenters of Her Majesty's drawing rooms and levees, actors (professionally,) and footmen; they have given place to the pantaloons, which are calculated to conceal any deformities that may exist in the lower limbs of society.

It is to be presumed that no person will so foolishly identify himself with the climate, as to make a practice of wearing white drills in Canada, during the winter months; and I would recommend everybody to remember that the gentility of trousers consists in their

plainness of cut and color,—stripes and cheques are decidedly vulgar patterns, and should be carefully eschewed; straps should never be worn except whilst on horseback; medical men say that they are apt to make mankind weak at the knees, and we of the old school know, from experience, that the average duration of pantaloon life, is longer without than with straps,—this deponent could here say something funny concerning pantomimes, if he thought proper.

My advice to young men is, keep your hands out of your pantaloons pockets, and those of your neighbours, pay the tailor who trusts you, and remember the old song:

What signifies all the world's riches,
They are nothing but glittering toys!
With a light heart and thin pair of breeches,
We'll go through the world, my brave boys!

BOOTS.

BEWARE of tight ones and, unless you are very rich, eschew those manufactured from French leather. The famine struck portion of the population of Great Britain cannot feel more oppression from the odious Corn laws, than I d. from the machinations of a boot-maker, who once persuaded me to enclose my understandings in a fashionable pair of boots, which, whilst their genteel appearance and brilliant jet polish made them the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, tortured me in such a manner that, for the balance of my life, I shall remember the bargain. The memory of this disciple of St. Crispin will prove nearly as good,—they have not yet been paid for; we each of us are punished, he for his deceit, and I for my vanity. What a capital thing it would be if we could get rid of our con-

stitutional complaints, together with our debts, by a statute of limitations.

I have long since given up the vanity of fashionable boots, and am content to wear the most plebeian kind of Wellingtons, taking good care that they are roomy and comfortable, and make a point of blacking them myself, not so much from a sense of economy, which first taught me the art, but that I may ensure for myself at all times a good polish, and a timely hint of any dissolution which may occur between the soles and upper leathers.

Innumerable anecdotes are connected with boots; bootmakers being marked out as lawful game, by every Jeremy Diddler that infests society, and I do not think that a schedule was ever filed in the Insolvent Debtors Court, without at least one of these tradesmen being amongst the sufferers. Yet they wax rich,—how is it? Can anybody explain? their profits on boots that *are* paid for must be enormous, to meet the emergencies I have just alluded to.

The best *anecdote* upon this subject, which I can remember at the moment, is that of the gentleman in difficulties, who ordered two pairs of boots, of two different artists, both to be sent to his chambers on the same day, and both to be paid for by cash upon delivery. True to the appointed times (for the gentleman mentioned that delay might be dangerous, as he was leaving town,) each pair of boots made its appearance. Pair No. 1 was tried on, and fitted admirably, except that the right boot required a little easing across the instep,—this, however, could be easily remedied by a few hours application of the last, when it would be brought back and paid for. Scarcely had the right boot of pair No. 1 turned the corner of the street, when a single knock at the door announced the arrival of pair No. 2; they also met with the approbation of the purchaser, but singular enough, the left boot was at fault upon this occasion, and it was necessary that it should go through the same operation as the right boot of pair No. 1.

Left boot No. 2 departed to be stretched, and upon comparing the moities left by each tradesman, the gentleman found that he had an excellent pair of boots upon compulsory credit, and without any hesitation or qualms of conscience, adopted them immediately. I have styled the hero of this anecdote a gentleman, for it was added in the printed account which I read of the transaction, that he eventually paid for both pairs; it was not, however, mentioned how often payment was requested by each bootmaker, or how many pairs of shoes they wore out respectively, in pursuing their customer.

Another anecdote, connected with my own adventures, may be ranged under this head. Some many years ago, whilst travelling on foot (literally, for I had neither shoes nor stockings) upon the forlorn hope, I met with one of those romantic incidents, which we frequently read of, but do not believe to be true. I thought at the time that my peregrinations had certainly come to an end, for a stop was put to my progress by a toll bridge

across the Delaware River. The keeper was positive—I had no money,—he offered to let me through if I would saw half a cord of wood, as an equivalent for two cents,—this was beyond my strength, for more than two days had elapsed since I last tasted food, and I was nearly worn out. At last he relented, I entered a pretty little village, and was immediately made a lion of by its kind hearted inhabitants, each of them striving which could pay the most attention to their illustrious visitor, who, for aught they knew to the contrary, might have dropped from the moon. One store-keeper insisted upon giving me credit for a pair of boots; the reader will naturally suppose that the objections I urged to this were not very numerous or difficult to overcome,—I accepted the proffered boots, which next day formed the basis of a brace of lawsuits, for when sober reflection happened to my creditor, self predominated, and thinking that, although he had done a good-natured action, it was a very foolish one, he laid a trap for the recovery of what was for-

merly his property, and succeeded, leaving me once more to walk upon my own footing. This roused the indignation of the townspeople, and I doubt whether a general election could have caused a greater sensation than the stranger's boots. Another pair was almost instantly volunteered to me, and the lawyers of the place immediately commenced proceedings, in my behalf, against the delinquent. I sued him in an action for "*Trover and Conversion*," and he replied by bringing a suit against me for the value of the boots; this was evidence enough, to prove my ownership in the property, and I recovered its value, with one dollar compensation for the damage I sustained in walking through the snow, for half a mile, without them; I confessed judgment to the cross action, but upon a principle of my own, allowed the plaintiff to recover his debt and costs in the best way he could. He has never yet been able to make a seizure of any property of mine, and I doubt whether he ever will.

Case for the Opinion of Counsel.—Am I

guilty of swindling, under the circumstances set forth? or has the plaintiff any claim upon me at all, it seeming by his own admission, that the goods, for the value of which he sued, were returned to him?

I will leave this knotty point for the learned to unravel, when the ladies have retired to their drawing room or wherever it is they abscond to, so mysteriously, upon a hint from the head of the table.

CUTTING OUT.

CONSIDERED in a nautical sence, "*cutting out*" is a very hazardous undertaking,—descending in the scale of meanings for the term, we find that "*cutting out*" also implies the abstraction of a body from a tree, or a chimney, in which it may have become wedged. Item, it refers to the method in which milliners and tailors devise their manufacturers.

Used tropically the verb to "*cut out*," means, to supplant another in the affections of a fair one, the cutter on this occasion may think that he is performing a very capital joke; but the cuttee's feelings are not to be envied.

"*Cutting out*," of a country is another phrase for the vulgar one of "*cutting your stick*," and is generally understood as meaning mizzling, bolting, flying, running away, vanishing, absconding, levanting, or (in America,) swartwouting.

The phrase is often used incorrectly, as when people say that such an one has "*his work cut out for him*," they mean to insinuate that it is an undertaking of no ordinary nature, upon which his exertions are required, and so forth, from its being the fact that his work is already cut to his hands, he has the extra trouble of finding the raw materials; but even this rule has its contrary, for lazy editors, playwrights, &c., make a constant practice of filling their sheets with compilations "*cut out*" from the printed works of others of the craft.

Use the phrase in either of its senses above described, or in any other which may occur to him or her, I doubt whether the reader will guess the motive which gave rise to this little dissertation; 'tis nothing more nor less than that one morning I was horror struck by discovering myself so firmly wedged in an under shirt, that I found it impossible to remove it from my body in a legitimate manner. During the fortnight, in which this garment had been my bosom friend, I had become so enormously stout that all my

efforts to draw the article over my head were futile, and I was under the painful necessity of cutting it in various directions, to accomplish its removal.

This little domestic incident has its *moral*, in common with the mouse in the fable. Of course it gave the world at large an idea that I was happy and prosperous, and to say the least of it, was a most respectable reference for my landlord. It made me wonder what might be the reflections of an animal, fattened with the most assiduous care, in order that his owner may obtain a prize at a Cattle Show, previous to selling him for his utmost value as butcher's meat and melting materials. Do oxen reflect?—Do pigs ponder?—Are sheep aware that the ornamental raddle, placed upon their surface, is the hectic which prophecies a speedy dissolution?

I leave these answers to be filled up by the curious in such matter, and will no longer detain my readers from the enjoyment of those animal comforts to which the dinner announcement invites them.

SHAVING.

THE daily performance of this operation may well be considered a misery, and I am afraid that my readers will blame me for classing it amongst the minors, it never being fully developed during the minority of men, that being the time when your young bucks shave to acquire instead of to get rid of a beard.

There is no evading this ceremony,—if the hair will grow upon your face, you must remove its superfluities, or be classed amongst the nasty beasts of society,—to me this diurnal scrape is rather a pleasure;—for the edification of my readers, I will here describe this simple portion of my toillet, in case they should imagine that I am the possessor of a superior shaving establishment, which is not the case. My looking-glass is placed in a good position—the lather brush is a common

7½d paint brush, and the emollient soap, from which I raise a lather, is nothing but the yellow article with which industrious domestics scour the floor,—strop I have none, an old bound book answers the purpose;—I shave with cold water, invariably—and my best razor, (my stock consists of three,) is a detached blade which refuses to become blunt although it has not been set for fifteen months;—my grand secret is, that the apparatus is so simple, nobody ever dreams of borrowing it, and I make a point of passing my razor, immediately after use, backwards and forwards over an old silk handkerchief which I preserve for that special purpose.

That Handkerchief!—although there is no strawberry embroidered upon it—has a story in connection with its history, which is almost as worthy of record, as that of the wiper which Othello gave Desdemona. I certainly was shaved when I purchased it of a Montreal dealer, *(Name! name!)* for 3s. 9d. Cheap as I thought it, 'twas the most expensive thing of the kind I ever met with, for it did not

survive the first journey to the wash, but came home in ribbons,—however, it taught me a *moral*, and bid me beware how I dealt again with ——.

The custom of different countries with regard to shaving, are very peculiar. In the States of America, only a small portion of the population shave themselves, the most of them patronise colored barbers, who have complete control over the carotid artery of any gentleman amongst their customers, against whom they may happen to have a grudge for injuries inflicted upon them, whilst in a state of servitude. *Think of this, ye men of Mississippi, Alabama, &c. &c.; take care how you step into the barbers' shops of the North.*

Spite of our national philanthropy and willingness to admit the claims of the Africans, as men and brothers, I do not think that a black man will start a barber's shop in England, with much probability of success. In fact, if we exclude the coal heavers, costermongers and that ilk, who expect a clean

shave and a glass of gin for 2½d, we are right in asserting that the majority of Englishmen shave themselves, and, were he at my elbow, Mr. Mechi of Leadenhall street, would say:—"*purchase their materials at my shop, which I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, beats the British Museum and Mechanical Arts Show-rooms hollow in its assortments of useful and ornamental articles of every description.*"

MR. MECHI.

Sir,

Should this meet your eye, will you please advise, by an early post, how much you and Messrs. Moses and Son, will allow me per week for writing your respective advertisements,—allowing me the use of your very best set of chessmen for my leisure hours, as part payment,—do not attempt to shave me.

Yours most respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

In France, the shaving business is carried on by young ladies; how they so habitually allow the moustachioes I cannot tell,—they

are inconvenient to snuff takers, and look very funny when tipped with the froth from pints of porter. Dragoons wear them, but certainly not to prevent the progress of musket balls, unless, indeed, the sight of the monstrosity has any effect upon the aim which an enemy deliberately takes at them whenever he has an opportunity.

The shaving operation performed by the deputies of Neptune, at his shop on the line, must be a very miserable one to undergo. I have never seen the premises, so I cannot describe them or the *modus operandi.*

In conclusion, let me caution gentlemen against leaving their razors within the reach of disappointed men, who may cut their throats,—or chambermaids, who may scrape their corns with th ;—the effects of both these experiments, will be quite evident to you, when you next try the instruments in a legitimate manner. I have not the loquacity of a barber, so must wish you farewell.

PRIZES AND BLANKS.

PRIZES, in the modern acceptation of the term, are of various and very different descriptions,—formerly a prize was only given as the actual reward of real merit, and was of little or no intrinsic value; the honour it bestowed upon its wearer, being then considered quite sufficient to make a wreath of leaves worth an incalculable sum. Those were happy days, when men would exert themselves, at the risk of their lives, for some such piece of trumpery as was then considered a badge of honourable distinction.

It is not on record, that the Ancients had anything approaching to our country cattle shows, or that Julias Cœsar, or any other noble Roman, ever took such liberties with oxen, as to dig them in the ribs, to ascertain the extent of their substantiality; 'tis true

that horses were the competitors for some of their honors, but in those days there were no produce stakes or handicaps, nor can the Latin for Tattersall be found in Lemprière;—the glory of that establishment is due to, and cannot be wrested from, Great Britain.

Prizes of the present day have a much more extended range than formerly; but ere I enumerate them, may I be allowed to say a few words in behalf of Mr. Bish, who has sunk into obscurity ever since 1826. I can well remember the sensation a letter from Bish used to occasion in a country village. How did his philanthropic advertisement run? Let me see! "*Don't forget that Bish disposed of the lucky number which gained* £30,000 *last week.*" (What an idiot Bish must have been, not to have kept it!) "*Bish informs his friends that this is the very last of all lotteries; as government requires the wheels of fortune for some other purpose,* and*

* I have no reason for doubting an assertion I once heard, that the *Monster Cheese* presented to Queen Victoria, by some loyal dairy men, eight years ago, was packed in a quondam Lottery Wheel.

Mr. Hume objects to paying the Life Guards, who escort them."

"*All Prizes and no Blanks!*" "*Don't forget that Bish's lucky office is in Cornhill.*" In this last of all government lottery schemes all the numbers were prizes, although the winners of most of them found out, upon calculation, that they had gained a loss;—I was one of the happy competitors, and felt considerably larger when my father told me that, although I was a minor, the whole amount of my prize should be entirely under my own control; it turned out to be five shillings, which I never took the trouble of applying to Bish for. If his heir-at-law resides in Canada, perhaps he will be kind enough to take an extra copy of this work, by way of settlement, and I will waive my claim to twenty-two years interest.

To return to the subject, prizes are now awarded for superiority in almost everything connected with the domestic habits of men and monkeys, though of course in the latter case, something eatable and evanescent forms

the reward of merit; there are prizes at infant schools, prizes at Sunday schools, and prizes at boarding and day schools. In these establishments it is curious to observe, that whilst the pedagogue is labouring to impress upon his pupils the value of a wreath of laurel on the heads of the Ancients, he endeavours to prove the fact by the application of another vegetable production to the most sensitive portions of their own systems.

As we progress through life, we find prizes and bonuses in every direction. The farmer respects the clown who has won a prize in a ploughing match, and the clodhopper, in his turn, casts eyes of reverence upon the mechanic who obtains a premium for invēnting an improved implement. The farmer's wife and children take a lively interest in the Agricultural meeting, inasmuch as whilst the head of the family competes with his neighbours for the production of the best ox, sheep, or grunter, the largest turnip or the heaviest sample of wheat, they claim their rewards for prize poultry, rabbits, and bundles

of flowers. The squire of the parish takes a great deal of interest in all these proceedings, well knowing how much they tend to better the condition of his tenantry, and consequently improve his property,—and at the same time he akes a pride in his own prizes; cups won by his horses and dogs, which it is his delight to exhibit to visitors, in connection with the honors and diplomas gained by two of his sons at the universities, whilst his other children are serving their country in the army and navy.

Don't these professions know something about prizes and prize money? Oh, buttons!—only read the history of a campaign or a cruise, and after considering the risks our gallant defenders run, judge what a piece of ribbon, seventy-eight yards long, would cost, if worth as much per quarter of a yard as naval and military heroes value that quantity at, when in their possesssion as the support of a silver medal about the size of a shilling;—such is life, and strange as it may appear, 'tis nevertheless quite true, that there

are Boards of Directors who actually pay large sums of money as bonuses for dying, to the very gentlemen who have supported them for years.

The term prize is again used, illegitimately though, in connection with gambling transactions;—for all raffles, lotteries, &c., are nothing more than the fruits of the early lessons implanted in the mind of youth, on Twelfth Night, on which occasion the drawers of King and Queen meet with temporary honor, and have to take doses of medicine the following morning to counteract the deleterious effects of the evening's gorge.

N. B.—For anxious mothers.—The tops of twelfth cakes are about as digestible as sugar of lead,—this leads me to commend to my readers the well known moral; *may your evening's amusements always bear the next morning's reflections;*—don't take too much wine either at or after dinner.

This is an excellent opportunity for me to sneak out without giving a dissertation upon *blanks* which are blanks, and nothing more,—*ex nihilo nil fit.*

DINING OUT.

WHEN I mention this subject, of course it would be very wrong on my part to class under the head of "*miseries*," all those delightful hours which we pass with our feet beneath the mahogany of a warm-hearted jovial friend, for, when the company is well assorted, nothing can be more pleasant; but every person present must be upon an equal footing, otherwise a restraint exists, which completely damps the spirits of them all.

In regulating a dinner, great care should be taken in the disposal of the guests; the counting house arrangement of creditor right, and debtor left, looks very well at the top of a ledger, but the *vis-a-vis*, is not so pleasant across a dinner table. The man who sits next to the object of his affections, his bride elect perhaps, is able to pour his sentiments

into her attentive ear, without injury to his lungs from over exertion; but in the event of their being seated opposite to each other, their private communications can only be carried on by the toe telegraph, which is sometimes treacherous. Married people should never be seated next or opposite to each other, the immediate presence of the lady is oftentimes a great restraint upon the sensual enjoyments of her husband. I could enlarge much more upon this part of my subject, but must hurry on to the general rules which it would be well for my readers to digest properly.

Rule 1*st*.—Never invite any man to a dinner party, unless you are certain that he is provided with a coat in which he can make his appearance without being mortified at the outré figure he cuts amidst a crowd of people, all dressed correctly in every particular; the vexation you cause by this, is only known to the initiated, who might, perhaps, pass muster very well if properly accoutred,

but, knowing their deficiencies, often make themselves still more the objects of ridicule.

Rule 2nd.—If you invite the Sheriff of your county, be sure not to let the party include any gentleman upon whom he may have writs for execution. Official people smell very strongly of the shop, and should the Sheriff take that opportunity of executing judgment he would only be following the example of the surgeon, who goes to church with a lancet in his pocket.

Talking of this same "*smelling of the shop*," 'tis almost worthy of a chapter by itself, but I cannot afford it on this occasion. Almost all table talk is a compound scent of the different shops, which are represented by the parties present. The divine, of course, says grace, and the medical man pronounces the provender to be very digestible, but hints slightly at the possibility of dyspepsia if some of his pills are not taken an hour before dinner. The host mentions the exact spot in his park on which the buck became venison; and the sportsman, who was in at the

death of the last fox, takes that opportunity of selling his horse to the wine merchant opposite him for a pretty round sum, contingent upon his winning a hurdle race, the preliminaries of which are entered into by the company at large. The merchant stipulates that part payment shall be made in wine, a sample of which is on the table, and being approved of, secures him a respectable sheet of orders. Young men in the army soon find each other out, and enter into confidential anecdotes concerning the members of their respective "*Ours*;" the naval officers deny the possibility of Great Britain ever being invaded, and the lawyers present, start a little controversy amongst themselves, which is very unintelligible to every body else, including the M. P. who stands upon his dignity, and will not divulge the secrets of a Cabinet with the movements of which he is not acquainted himself.

The foregoing is a description of country table talk; in town 'tis rather different; hunting and hurdle racing give place to the rise in

stocks, and fall in stockings; Cabinet manœuvres for those of the bank parlour; and the naval and military chairs are occupied by a species of humanity in a male dress, with feminine manners, who stink the room with otto of roses, and confine their conversation to matters pertaining to theatricals. The former description of dinner party is decidedly the pleasantest, especially if you can avail yourself of the alternative of a bed, in case the wine should happen to take any effect upon you.

Rule 3rd.—When you intend giving a jovial party, do not invite any ladies,—give your own wife a new shawl, a check on your banker, and liberty to go a hundred miles away. If she has a sister or cousin at that distance, she will understand the hint, appreciate your kindness, and act accordingly, making a point of telling her relations what a dear, good-natured, confiding, unsuspicious husband she has. This plan may be carried out at least twice a year. I never saw any people who enjoyed life so much as married men, bachelors *pro tem.*

Rule 4th, (contingent on Rule 3rd.)—If your estate and constitution can stand these little re-unions—your dinner party can be extended to a visit for one week from each of your non-resident guests, but you must be sure that you are able to accommodate them, and their establishments, comfortably within your own, previous to entering upon such a wholesale transaction. Never invite any man to dine with you, and then allow him to sleep at an inn, such a conclusion takes off all the poetry of the affair.

A few more rules might be here introduced, but I leave them to my readers' own suggestions, and look at the subject of Dining Out in a different light.

Considered as a luxury, "*dining out*" at Corporation feeds, can only be so termed by those who are fond of the good things placed before them, without any of that feast of reason and flow of soul which is the standing dish of a gentleman's dinner party, but is never to be found in the bill of fare set before his friends by a vulgar gourmand. A quiet

beef steak at a chop house is a preferable meal, even though you are driven to it by the event of washing day at home, or from the fact of your house being occupied by painters, whitewashers, or wet nurses. I will pass over all these together with dinner whilst travelling per stage, steam, or steamboat; dinners at boarding houses, and dinners at inns, considering them all as merely means to an end, and that end, existence.

I come now to a description of "*Dining Out,*" with which I am myself very intimate, that is "*dining with the duke,*" or rather going without any dinner at all. Gentle reader, did you ever try that meal? It does not involve indigestion, or cause obesity. You do not wait long over wine, nor does it take much money to settle the bill, and give the waiter his gratuity,—there is no ceremony, no occasion to dress, etiquette does not even require that you should wash your hands. You exist like the chameleon, and rather grudge a turnip to the sheep you watch munching at its leisure, whilst you

can look him honestly in the face, and say conscientiously, that none of his species form part of your diet for that day at least. The proper sauce for the enjoyment of this meal is a happy disposition, and a taste for the picturesque, for the country exhibitions of which no charge is made, and I strongly recommend you, when so situated as not to be able to procure a meal, to avoid the streets of a city, where edibles are exposed to you at every step, and the steam from the pastry cooks, and hotel kitchens, provokes an appetite which you have not the means of satisfying. I have tried this regimen over and over again; try it yourself, and though you may afterwards laugh at the privations you have gone through, you will place a true value upon the blessings you now are able to enjoy.

STARVING AT HOME.

When I say starving, I do not mean anybody to think that I consider starvation, in the full broad meaning of the word, as a proper subject for a joke, although there are many people who are so positively fond of misery, that they are never happy unless they have some cause of complaint. I do not mean to imply that there is any mirth to be found in the contemplation of such a picture as that of a family perishing for want; in that condition, no matter what their faults may be, they are to be pitied, and sympathized with.

It is not every person who can laugh at his own misfortunes, though some are blessed with such happy dispositions that nothing can make them discontented with

their lot,—there are some so singularly happy that, no matter where the next copper comes from, or how long a time may elapse before it arrives, they are determined, at all events, to enjoy that which is in their possession. But they do not *starve at home*,—'tis only the sick and infirm that can submit to that misery, whilst all others roam about, with the hope that something will turn out for their benefit; they may meet a debtor, they may meet a friend, they are sure to preserve their health by breathing the fresh air, and may perhaps be lucky enough to pick up something; at all events there is some provision of nature, which prompts these people to wander from their homes.

When I speak of "*starving at home*," I do not mean to say absolute starvation, there is another kind of semi-starvation, which is so very absurd that I may be excused for laughing at the sufferers.

An alderman gives a dinner party, and at the exact crisis when his experienced *cuisinier* is performing some important oper-

ation on the feature of the feast, aquantity of descending soot may smother it and other viands; the alderman and his friends lose their dinner, and call going without it, on this solitary occasion, starvation. Now many people would think this a good joke—it is so. The alderman, in his magisterial functions of the day, has committed a great many vagabonds to the House of Correction, for merely saying that they were hungry;—he is now able to sympathize with them.

I am a bachelor myself, and, having occasionally kept bachelor's hall, know how ridiculous a bachelor looks, when a friend pops in upon him whilst he is dining off a single beef steak, and that only a small one, calculated for a sulky meal; he naturally asks his friend to participate, and, if he has any good manners, will spare that individual's feelings by terming the meal *lunch;* the visitor does not doubt his host, and sets to work without any compunctions. Jolly places those bachelor's halls are, there is more enjoyment to be found there, over a pewter pint of stout, and

a baked potatoe, than in the best display of cooking I ever met with, and yet there are many folks who would call this starvation.

A real case of "*starving at home*," is that of a large family sitting down to a very moderate sized joint of meat, just sufficient for them, the servant, and the dog, who is supposed to live upon the bones, but in reality procures his own meat by stealing from a butcher his master never deals with, which fact is attested by various scars, the remains of wounds received from choppers which have been thrown at him. There is just sufficient for them all, and they are about to fall to, when a force, as numerous as themselves, invades them without any previous notice, but with the avowed intention of spending the day,—they have often been invited, and cannot but be welcomed in the most cordial manner; but when their backs are turned, even supposing that ill-natured remarks are not made upon them personally, they are sure to be looked upon as a parcel of people, who have intruded. The children have grown sulky, and

are sent to bed, perhaps privately whipped upon the road; and the adults of the family think that they are starved.

Never visit anybody at meal times without a special invitation, is a good rule to lay down, and not depart from—'twill often prevent the occurrence of such accidents as the above, to counteract the inconvenience of which, for there are some people who will not take my advice, I may suggest to heads of families, the following regulations.

Be sure to have something eatable always comeatable; say a ham or a flitch of bacon; if you keep poultry, you are safe from the consequences of these intrusions; ham and eggs form an excellent impromptu dish, and what rooster could refuse the honor conferred upon him by exalting him to the rank of a spread eagle, by which operation he forms a very respectable adjunct to any dinner table, particularly if stewed mushrooms are attainable.

To bachelors my advice is, send to your favorite hotel, and let them do the needful,

but never keep a friend on short commons if you can avoid it.

I cannot conclude this chapter, the last of the present volume, without mentioning, and that with some feeling, the deplorable condition of literary men generally.

But why need I enlarge upon the subject? 'Tis a well known fact that there is no encouragement in Canada for literary productions; the present undertaking is quite contrary to the admonitions bestowed upon me very freely,—the fact is, that whilst a fiend on one side prompts me to print, a friend on the other urges me to repent—'tis *boulanger versus able*, and not knowing which to side with, I have determined to accommodate both, by printing first, fasting for the result, repenting if unsuccessful, and paying my creditors in full if I succeed in realizing more than the expenses of printing.*

* The printer's ——— here feels bound to remark, that it may possibly be some time before the author's creditors receive the first instalment of a farthing in the £, if that event depends upon the success of this work.

I have great confidence of my fondest hopes being eventually completed, and that this little pilot balloon will indicate the flight through the air of many future adventurers—in its equipment I venture more than I am worth in the world, and my plans for the future productions of my brain will be guided by this investment,—if it succeeds, I will again trouble the public with some more Essays.

END OF LOT THE FIRST.